THE TRADESMAN'S Looking Glass;

OR, A

Hue-and-Cry after Mrs. Money and her Sister Trade.

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THE

Tradesman's Looking Glass.

THIS was at a general meeting of the poor tradesmen, at Pennyless-Hall, in the town of Live-[illegible], [illegible] Corner-lack, where were present the following [illegible] to know if any of them could [illegible] of Mrs. Money and her sister [illegible]

Crispin the shoemaker, [illegible] him the blacksmith, Glib the [illegible] Chip the carpenter, Laystone the mason, Nick-quarrel the glazier, Hemp the rope-maker, Lath the tyler, Slippery the soap-maker, Thor the cooper, Trump the tinker, [illegible] maker, [illegible] the weaver, [illegible] Turnspit the spinner, [illegible] Bloody the butcher, and Pinch-loaf the baker; all these, with several others too tedious to mention here, were present; when Mr. Look-sharp the titheman desired silence, that he might give an account of his travels, which he did in the manner following:

Gentlemen and Tradesmen,

According to the late hue-and-cry after Mrs. Money and her sister Trade, I have travelled many a wearisome step throughout the several counties of Want-work, No-cash, Great-lack, Little-silver, Less-gold, Truck-all, and several other counties and kingdoms I ranged and rambled to find out Mrs. Money and her sister Trade, and at last met with an unlucky and unwelcome fellow, a brogue-maker, who told me that Mrs. Money and her sister Trade were born dead, which was occasioned by the blockhead Wood and his dirty drofs, who thought to carry our silver and gold out of this kingdom.

This caused a lamentation among the whole assembly of tradesmen, but they were mighty thankful to the grand jury. However they desired Mr. Look-sharp to give them a further account of his travels.

Passing along through Shoemaker-row, I saw a parcel of Crispins, handling St. Hugh's bones; some of them looked as they could not help themselves; among these I made my usual enquiry after Mrs. Money and her sister Trade, but they began to laugh at me, and told me indeed, that as for Mrs. Trade, they believed she was not quite dead; but as for Mrs. Money, they could not tell where she was, neither did they trouble themselves about her, so long as their old friend Chalk stood by them, and had the society of getting Gaffer Good-ale upon the long score.

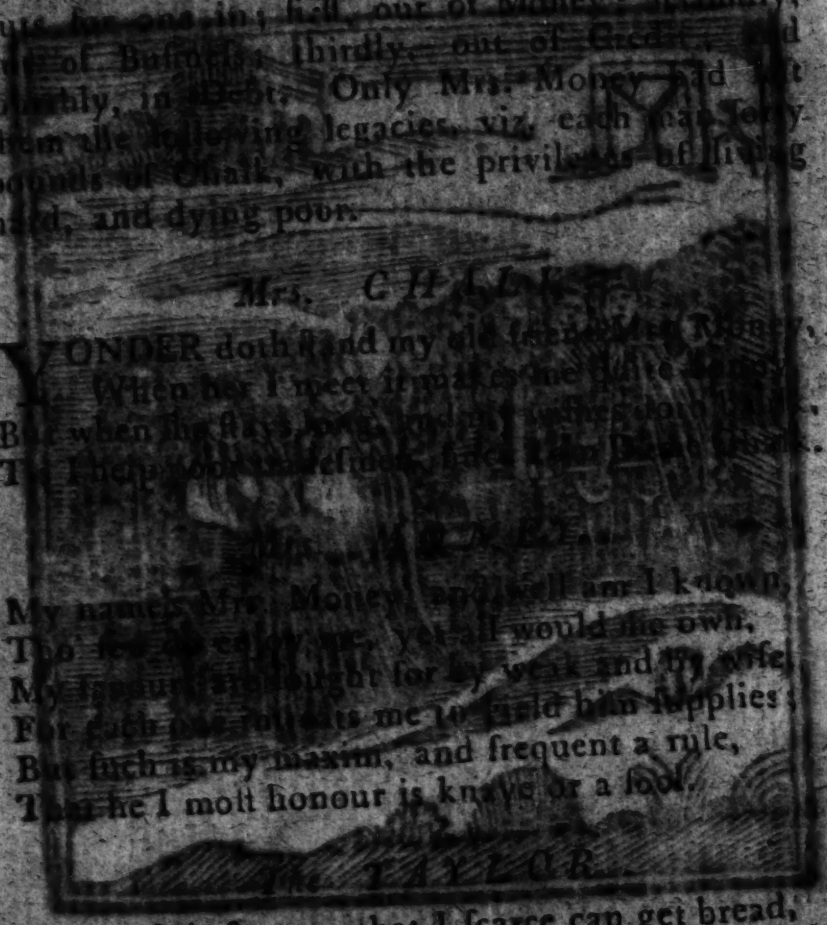
I passed through a narrow place full of Boiling-cooks, Beer-houses, and Beggar-makers: they told me it was Cucumber Alley, and I believe it was so, for I saw a parcel of fellows there who looked as thin as lapboards, and as sharp as needles; they were high in bone and low in flesh; indeed I supposed them to be Taylors, for they were eating of pottage; they had a great deal of cabbage, and but little meat: I made my usual enquiry among them after Mrs. Money and her sister Trade: whereupon one of them starts up in a hurry with a kettle full of scalding water, and ran after me, crying, "Get out, you impertinent fellow! Do "you come to look for Money here? He then

threw it after me, and with much ado I got off with my life.

Then I bent my march to Idle Lane; there I saw a parcel of Lace-makers, Whores, Thieves, Button-makers, Coblers, Tinkers, Brogue-makers,

Chimney-sweepers, and many other professions; here again I made my usual enquiry after Mrs. Money and her sister Trade; but no sooner had I

mentioned their names, than forty-five of them and a prentice boy fell down into a swoon; the rest begged I would not mention their names there for the future, it being certain with them that Mrs. Money and her sister Trade were both dead, or else had left the land, so that they had three outs for one in; first, out of Money; secondly, out of Business; thirdly, out of Credit; and fourthly, in debt. Only Mrs. Money had left them the following legacies, viz. each man forty pounds of Chalk, with the privilege of living hard, and dying poor.



Mrs. CHALK.

YONDER doth stand my old friend Mrs. Money,
When her I meet it makes me look funny,
But when she flays, [illegible]
Then I help poor [illegible]

My name is Mrs. Money, you well may know,
Tho' few do call me, yet all would me own,
My favours are bought for by wit and by wife,
For such pay adds me to build him supplies;
But such is my maxim, and frequent a rule,
That he I most honour is knave or a fool.

The TAILOR.

My work is so poor that I scarce can get bread,
Therefore on cabbage must daily be fed,
Tho' fain I'd be honest, yet cannot comply,
Since to live by my trade, I must eat cabbage or die

Could I see Mrs. Money, I'd ask her to give,
That so we poor Taylors might know how to live,
But when she is wanted she seldom is seen,
For her temper is such, that she flies from the mean.

The BAKER.

Tho' bread is the staff by which each one is led,
Nature demanding that all should be fed,
Yet such the poor Baker, that scarce can he stand,
Since Dame Money has left him to mourn at her hand.
The Miller, whose need doth assurance implore,
Demands that the Baker should pay for his flour,
Who not being able, thro' want, to comply,
He appeases him now, with, "I'll pay you by'n by."
So to make up the money he pinches the weight,
Thus the public at large are involv'd in his fate.

The TINKER.

Tho' a Tinker I am, and have metal at hand,
Yet the metal I want has forsaken the land,
For Dame Money has taken it all from my ufe,
And leaves me to mutter in words of abuse.
O how shall the Tinker support these his cares,
Since no one will ease him of what he now bears!
Instead of good liquor to enliven his soul,
He thirsts and he falls o'er his own empty bowl,
Whose sound as he nicks it re-echos again,
And sorrow's the ease which he meets for his pain.

The MISER.

Wealth I have got, and can boaſt of my ſtore,
But my ſon, I am fearful, will give it to the poor,
Such practice I hate, and have made it my care,
To puniſh the wretch who ſolicits a ſhare.

The SHOEMAKER.

The Shoemaker ſtands and hath nothing to do,
But drinks all the ale that Dame Betty do's brew;
Had he but the gold which the Miſer lays up,
He'd feaſt on St. Monday as friend of the cup.

The SHARPER.

I am a Sharper lately come to town,
And range the ſtreets moſt briſkly up and down,
But when the night approaches, ſtraight I hie
Into ſome coffee-houſe or tavern nigh,
When ſeven or eleven is the word,
And caſh is gone, I then muſt ſtake my ſword,
And when I've loſt that piece of honour,
To Nell I go, and muſt depend upon her;
My ſnuff-box then, and cane I quickly pledge,
For why?—My ſtomach bears a pretty edge,
Therefore I pray that Truck will money lend,
And then I'll own her as my deareſt friend.

FINIS.